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Heraclitus Ridens,

AT

A DIALOGUE between *JEST* and *EARNEST* Concerning the *TIMES*.

From Saturday January the 8*th*. to Tuesday 11the *th*. 170¾.

Jeſt. WHY ſo Penſive this Morning, and a Book in your Hand? *Reading*, you know, *ſpoils Company*; nay there is a Fellow ſo perfect a Sot in the Neighbourhood, that ſays *Talking* does it, it interrupts the Bottle from Circulating, ſo that he has no manner of Pleaſure in any thing of the whole *Engliſh* Vocabulary, than what amounts to *Sir*, *your good Health*; *My humble Service to you*, &c.

Earn. I am of a quite contrary Opinion, and have been *Reading* to forward Converſation and *make Company*. Without merry Pamphlets, we ſhould have no Reliſh to Diſcourſe, they ſerve for a *Whet* to decay'd Appetites, and what flows from the Preſs has the ſame Effect as the Rheniſh or Old Hock that we drink before Meals.

Jeſt. Say'ſt thou ſo my Boy, then I muſt have a Glaſs of this *Vinum Papyraceum*, this Grand Reſtorative that Invigorates the Underſtanding in ſuch a manner, as all the *Springs* of Speech have their true Motion from it, and every Organ of the Tongue apply themſelves to the ſeveral Offices they belong to. Prithee let me into the Nature of this Preparative to Converſation, I dare ſwear it is a Compound, and as in all other Liquors, Daſh the Brewer, has had a Hand in it.

Earn. Yes truly, that he has with a Witneſs, but the Rogue has flung in too much of the *Poppies* of *Ignorance* into it, without one Dram of Dr. *Byfield*'s *Sal Volatile Oleoſum* to qualifie it. You can ſcarce taſt the *Spirit of Truth* in it, he has been ſo ſparing; and as for any ſuch thing as the *Iceing-glaſs of Good Manners or ſound Learning* to Fine it down with, ſuch a Thing is not to be found by him in the whole Art and Myſtery of his Trade. But to leave Allegories, for Things as they really are, and to keep you no longer in Suſpence. This is the *Diſſenters Anſwer to the High-Church Challenge*, written by way of Reply to the *Wolf Stript of the Sheeps Cloathing*.

Jeſt. A bold Fellow, his Name be what it will, to attempt to Engage with the Author *of the Snake in the Graſs*. Let him take care of himſelf. *Latet Anguis in Herba* is the Word, and *Danger may enſue*, as the thrice Noble and thrice Valiant Sir *John Falſtaff* has it. Prithee what has he to ſay in favour of the *Diſſenters*, againſt what they are Charg'd with in the Book, this is a Reply to it by ſome Inconſiderable Scribe, take my Word for it, that ſtrengthn'd by the Contributions of the Party, takes Pen in Hand to give us a Sketch of his own Weakneſs.

Earn. Not ſo inconſiderable neither, the Famous Mr. *D F*— has a greater Character among the *Brethren* than that comes to, and he that by being receiv'd among the Diſſenters as ſuch has rob'd the Queen of her Chief Title, of being *Defender of the Faith*, muſt needs take it amiſs that he is ſo indifferently made mention of.

Jeſt. De Foe! Poor Man! Fling a Sentence of *Latin* in his Face, and you'll obſcure his Underſtanding ſo, as the Day muſt be your own of Courſe.

Earn. You miſtake him quite! He is no ſuch Man as you repreſent him to be. No Scholar, cry you? Yes marry but he is, and if *Ultra Tenementum*, *væ vobis Hypocritæ*, *Ecce Signum*, *Victoria* and *in Infinitum*, be great Indications of a deep Inſight into the *Roman* Language, he bids as fair to be accounted a Man of Learning as any Perſon Breathing.

Jeſt. The Man probably may lay it to Heart if no body Replies to him, therefore prithee do that Office, for it is beneath Mr. *L~~eſtr~~ange* to take him to Task.

Earn. I was thinking as much, and as far as our accuſtom'd Time will allow of, ſhall endeavour to be at that honeſt Gentleman's Service, being oblig'd to be ſo on a double Account; Firſt as he has miſrepreſented *Heraclitus*, and call'd it a Wretched Performance, when it has not been in the Power of all the *Whig* Scriblers to Confute any one Poſition that has been laid down in it. And *2dly*, on Account of the worthy Author of the *Wolf Strip'd*, who is equally miſrepreſented with us.

Jeſt. Well ſaid, I faith. The Proverb ſays Charity begins at Home, and you are on the ſide of it. Defend your ſelf, whatever comes of it, before you undertake the Cauſe of your Friend. If Good Argument be made uſe of by you, a Fig for Good Manners, you'll be excus'd of Courſe.

Earn. To begin with the Defence of our ſelves, that Gentleman knows too well who wrote the Poem call'd, *The True-Born Hugonot*, not to fall out with any thing which he hears that Author is concern'd in: and the Perſon that gave him Information of the *One*, I dare ſay, was not ſo far let into the Secret of the *Latter*, as to make him know truly, tho' he might *Perſonally*, that *People of greater Capacity were to provide a Sett of Men* to carry on this Weekly Paper *Better*, *and to Gratifie them for the Service*. For it never enter'd into the Head of the Perſon whoſe Copy it is, to employ any other than what were concern'd in it, tho' the Gentlemen themſelves are ſo far from having any Proſpect of Gain by it, that for the ſake of the Church and

Government

Government Eſtabliſh'd, they ſhall oblige themſelves with Leaving the Deſign in ſuch Hands, as may be for the Service of Religion and the State; till then they ſhall continue it under the Umbrage of the Supreme Authority, and think themſelves happy in being employ'd, not like him, as *Mercinaries* for ſo much a Sheet, but as *Voluntiers* for the Defence of their Queen and Country. But we are not to expect a Man that ſpeaks ill of his own Party, will favour us, tho we might have ſome Reaſon for ſo doing, when he was ask'd by ſome of the Non-Cons, *Why he dealt with Church of* England *Book-ſellers*? He return'd for Anſwer, *becauſe he found 'em more Honeſt than thoſe of his own Perſwaſion.* Perhaps this Story may be *ejusdem Farrina* with his own, and *a Dog that can carry a Bone, can fetch one from whence he carries it.*

Jeſt. What is this to that Book you were to make your Animadverſions upon? Conſider Time is precious, and that we are Circumſcrib'd within ſuch and ſuch Limits. No matter for what Perſonally Concerns us. Reply to what Affects the Church in general.

Earn. To make uſe of the *ſhorteſt Way* that can be, I ſhall do it by way of Query, after this manner following, which are put to him in the order following.

Query 1. Whether he ſince Challenges the Author of the *Wolf Strip'd*, to prove any Two of the Diſſenting Writers have had the leaſt Correſpondence together, ~~*Daniel Foe*~~ and *John Tutchin* had ever any Converſation with one another? And whether after he had been Exalted above his Brethren there paſs'd no Letters between the abovemention'd worthy Gentlemen?

Qu 2. Whether it was any more Honour to Mr. *Clarkson* to be Tutor to Dr. *Tillotſon*, late Lord Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury*, than it was a Diſgrace to a Biſhop of the Church of *England* to have a Diſſenting Tutor? And whether he does not fruſtrate his own Deſign, and leſſen the Value which he would ſeem to have for that *Metropolitan* by adding to the Suſpicions the World before Entertain'd of that Prelate's Sentiments and Conduct?

Q. 3. Whether an Enemy may not be ſaid to be Worſted, that is fairly Beaten, though his Obſtinacy will not let him own that he has loſt the Day? And whether the *London* Caſes that relate to the *Proteſtant Diſſenters*, are not a ſtanding Argument to this Day, that the Arguments made uſe of there, are unanſwerable?

Q 4. Whether the Worſhip of God according to the Ceremonies of the Church, which are Commanded in the Scripture, by the Terms of *Decency* and *Order*, are *Things Indifferent?* And whether what is by a Divine Injunction, ought to be omitted by the Church, or parted with, as not of Divine Inſtitution?

Q. 5. Whether ſome great Members of the Church Eſtabliſh'd, whoſe *great Moderation* made 'em oppoſe a certain Bill, would not be againſt his Propoſal of Parting with their Dioceſan Royalty? And whether a Man, let him be never ſo much a Tickler againſt the Church's Intereſt, would part with a Branch belonging to the Profits or Dignities of it?

Q 6. Whether the Story of Mr. *Delaun*'s being Impriſon'd on the Account of Dr. *Calamy*, be not all of a Piece with the reſt of this Author's Aſſertions? And whether there are not Perſons now living, can teſtify that he was taken up for Reflections on the Government in that Book, not for Arguments againſt the Church Eſtabliſh'd?

Jeſt. If theſe are the moſt Matterial Heads of his Diſcourſe, a Fig for him; your Queries are enough to let him know his own Inſufficiency. Now for a *Fable* out of *Æſop* by way of Application.

A Fable of the *Bull* and the *Frog.*

A Well fed Bull *that was prefer'd*
As Chief of all the Lowing Herd,
Within the Meadows graz'd,
And govern'd with ſo mild a Reign,
Not one amongſt 'em could Complain,
But his Wiſe Conduct Prais'd,
While he ſuch Meaſures always held
For Sacred that were juſt.
And would not be inaug'd to yield
The Priviledges of the Field,
As others did on Truſt.
At this a certain Surly Frog,
Elop'd from out a Neighbouring Bog,
And envious of his Worth,
Boaſted with Malice and with Rage,
Dar'd him in Battle to Engage,
And call'd the Champion Forth.
When the Brave Champion ſmil'd to ſee
An Animal ſo ſmall;
And ſcornful of an Enemy
So Mean and Scandalous as he,
Reply'd not to his Call;
But turn'd him round to View the Drove,
Committed to his Care and Love,
As worthy of his Rule.
And went about his proper Charge.
Roaming about the Graſs at large
Unmindful of the Fool.
With that the little Strutting Thing
Victoria! *cry'd aloud,*
And Hopp'd, and after him would ſpring,
Still to the Combat Challenging
With his Contempt made Proud.
Hold, *ſaid the Generous Beaſt,* thou Sot,
Home to thy *Fens* and vex me not,
Do'ſt ſee my Tow'ring Size?
Be not the Meadows Jeſt and Mirth,
While I could Cruſh thee to the Earth,
Or toſs thee to the Skies.
I fear thee not, the Dwarf reply'd,
My Bulk's as Great as thine;
What Cauſe haſt thou thy ſelf to Pride
In ſo Contemptible a Hide,
Look well and meaſure mine.
And inſtantly he Puff'd and Blow'd,
To ſwell himſelf like any Toad,
That he the Bull *might equal,*
But as Ambition Murders all,
This haughty Temper was his Fall,
As you'll find in the Sequel;
For when he had done his beſt and worſt,
And all endeavours made,
The Sinews too intenſely forc'd,
All of a ſudden broke and Burſt,
His Vanity diſplay'd.
Woes me, *ſaid he;* I find too late,
I've play'd and dally'd with my Fate,
And caus'd my own Undoing.
As I, for a Preſumptuous Dog,
Diſtinguiſh'd not a Bull from Frog,
But forwarded my Ruine.
Tho' ſmall, I ſomething was before,
But now am nothing made,
Having the Vanity to Soar
And think my Strength above my Pow'r,
By want of Strength Betray'd.

MORAL.

That L*eſlie's the* Bull, *every Reader may know,*
And the Frog's *the meer Picture of* ~~*Daniel Foe*~~ De

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